

The Uinta Song
Written by Livingston Montgomery, Sept. 1866

On the 20th of September
We started out with freight,
And well do I remember
The season it was late,
The chilly dews of autumn
The wintry winds did blow,
The Wasatch ranges of mountains
As coated o'er with snow

We started up the canyon
And got to Neakes's hill
We couldn't go no farther
For pulling steamboat Bill (Averett)
Old collie was so balkey
He wouldn't pull a pound
Bill Ripped and tore
And cursed and swore
For his wagon hugged the ground

That night Bill Barnes was baking
He was our British cook,
And all of his companions would
Stand around and look, (puke)
To see the matted tag locks
Of dough among his hair,
His fists was in the bacon grease
You bet he got his share

Old George Carlile fell off his wagon
And broke his pumpkin head,
But very soon was mended by Dr. John H. Clegg
We called to his assistance the
Noted Livingston,
To come and help him remedy
His patient's fractured bones

When we reached the Deep-creek
Heber Giles lay down to die,
And when he thought of Heber (baby)
He began to weep and cry,
His comrades gathered 'round him
To see him breathe his last,
He yelled for bread and bacon,
For he was going fast

We were up all night on Red Creek
Sending Freddy Giles,
The waters of that brooklet
Had made the boy quite wild
We dosed him up with bacon grease
But that was all in vain
He said he'd give old Brood and Bally
To be back haulin' peas again.

Bob Montgomery on the blue hill
Was gazing all around,
He looked like a starving Jack-ass
Beneath the world's cold frown,
His big bare feet were shining
Dirty as a pig
He looked around exclaiming,
"The world is awful big."

Tom Clotworthy's off wheeler
Took sick down on Lake Fork
We never knew what ailed him
But fed him on salt pork,
We anointed him with buckskin
Layed hands upon the wheels
And for miles o'er rolling sand hill
Old bones did wildly reel

Oh I am a weeping bull whacker
Jack Hicken sorely sighed
And lay upon a sand hill
And there he bitterly cried
"I wish that I were buried
Beneath the surging tide"
He threw up his heels into the air
Gave up the ghost and died

Joe Moulton in the center
He drove a combination team
The leaders they were horses
He fed them upon beans
The wheelers they were oxen
And very hard to pass
The wagon was a Mitchell
And the driver was an ass

When we reached the dry gulch
We met an aged squaw
She walked up to Bill Bowman
And held out her wrinkled paw,
Saying, "Maybe so we marry.
And raise a wine seed".
So they started for Los Pinos
To draw their rings in beads.

Finally we reached Fort Thornberg
Dave Hicken had a dream
He walked up to a soldier
And asked for Uncle Sam
He wanted to deposit
A heavy load of freight
Then he thought the Mormons
Had ought to have a State

Uinta Song continued.

A soldier blew the bugle
It sounded loud and clear,
Tom Clegg was standing gopping
His mouth from ear to ear
His muslin beard was flowing
Just like King George's fool,
The soldier moved him on a piece
For he might stampede the mules

The cross-eyed ~~quater~~*quartermaster
Was surley as a bear,
He looked at Wm. Rasband
And said young man come here
I know your looks condemn you
I know you are a sneak
So they pushed him in the guardhouse
And left him there a week

Ed Oaks was asked to dinner
By the captain of the post
He choked upon a dumpling
Till they thought that he would burst
His eyes were bulging out an inch
And his face was awful red
And to all the questions asked him
He'd shake his leather head

And now my song is ended
My trip is ended too
I hope you like the words I've written
Because you know they're true
Our empty rigs we'll trail back home
All trusting to our fate
The Indians are on the warpath
and the seasons getting late